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TROUBLE FEARED IN SAMOA.

AUCKLAND, New Zealand, Sept. 26. Advice from Samoa under date of September 20, received here today, say quiet prevails there, but the feeling among the whites is that there is trouble ahead. It is added that Von Bülow, the former lieutenant in the German army, who organized the forces of Mafafa, has been going about the country interviewing the Mafafa chiefs. This is objected to by the British and Americans as likely to accentuate the hostile feeling. The correspondent of the Cologne Gazette at Samoa has received cable instructions to remain at Apia.

DESTROYED SEVEN FORTS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—A dispatch has been received from Manila by the War Department stating that General Snyder attacked the position of the insurgents five miles west of Cebu and destroyed seven forts and quite a number of smooth-bore cannon. The insurgents were utterly routed, and Snyder returned with his force to Cebu. The Tennessee Regiment was already aboard the transport to come home, but disembarked to take part in the engagement.

REMNANT SALE.

An early call should be made at the remnant clearing sale at L. B. Kerr's. Many bargains are included, and the first to come will secure them. The very low prices put on them are for cash only.

SEVEN MILLIONS

American Citizens Gather to Honor Admiral Dewey.

METROPOLIS GORGEOUS IN COLOR

The Nation's Hero Modestly Receives the Encomiums of a Grateful People.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—Dewey is home. Just as silently as he stole by Corregidor island and the Spanish guns at the outer Manila harbor on the morning of May 1st last year he and the Olympia came out of the mists of the ocean this morning into the outer harbor of New York.

There is a Dewey way of doing things and it is different from any other man's way. Washington and New York agreed last night that the Admiral must be fully 600 miles off the Atlantic coast, when, as a matter of fact, steaming at the rate of nine knots an hour, he was but a hundred miles away. The people were at their breakfast tables, the city was hardly awake, when up from the Hook came the message: "Olympia sighted." The sensation was as great as if it were time of war and the signals had flashed: "The enemy's fleet in sight." Rain fell during the night and the morning was cloudy. Off Sandy Hook was veiled upon veil of drifting mist. The shifting winds had made the sea nasty and it promised to be a stormy day. Fishing craft and merchandise-laden schooners miles off caught through the gloom a faint glimpse of what they took to be a huge steamer slowly working her way into the harbor. True, she flew a little blue flag on which were four stars but in the half light and half darkness it was impossible for them to make out that she was the famed Olympia. They passed her, not knowing that she was bearing home to a grateful people the greatest sea fighter of modern times.

Somewhat different this from the home-coming of Caesar, Titus or Napoleon. No galleons in the train of this swift-winged cruiser, bearing weeping captives and the plunder of the lands and homes of other people; no marks of triumph over the Spanish dead left buried in the waters of Manila bay; no pomp of entrance with the puffed-up consciousness of victory—just the plain, simple home-coming of George Dewey in the same unostentatious manner that he departed months ago.

At Sandy Hook lookout the ever vigilant watchman, eager to detect the first sign of incoming vessels, was straining his eyes to the east when into his line of vision came the gray outlines of two stacks from which was belching black smoke. Now out of the mist came the prow of a ship far different in contour from that of an ocean liner. To his mate the watchman shouted: "That's a man-of-war!" Then he hesitated for a moment before he fairly yelled: "By ———, it's the Olympia!" He could not say more. He was astounded as were the citizens of New York when his message came to them: "Dewey and the Olympia off Sandy Hook and coming in."

At Scotland Light the night watchers were trembling with excitement. They could scarcely believe their eyes as they wandered over the blue Admiral's flag and realized that the Olympia was upon them with the same suddenness that she descended upon Montojo on a May morning not so long ago. But there she was, the water foaming at her bow, the jack tars skipping over the deck, the Admiral and his dog Bob above the deck and Lamberton by his side. One of the watchers turned the steam siren whistle loose and its wild scream apprised all on board the Olympia that they were recognized and welcomed. Then the big bell of the Scotland Light began to boom and the crew of the lightsight rushed on deck half clad, madly waving their arms and cheering. These tollers of the sea were the first to greet Dewey, and judging by his nature, he probably appreciated their greeting more than that which swollen Tammany gave him in the afternoon. The Mackay-Bennet

cable boat next sighted the Olympia and gave her a greeting and sent new word to the city that Dewey was at home.

From the peak of the Olympia flew the long pennant, which, in nautical language means, "Homeward bound." Up in the light of the coming dawn came the passenger steamer Sandy Hook from the Atlantic Highlands. She was bound for New York, but changed her course so as to come near the Olympia. Her whistles gave four blasts and her flag was dipped.

The Olympia answered by dipping the Admiral's pennant. Her crew gave wild cheers in answer to those which came from the Sandy Hook, while one of the jacks in his excitement threw his cap so high in the air and so clear of the Olympia that it fell upon the

deck of the Sandy Hook and was joyfully kept as a souvenir.

Admiral Dewey was on the bridge, just where he stood when directing the Manila fight. To the salutes of the passengers of the Sandy Hook he raised his cap. All kinds of greetings reached his ears from his enthusiastic countrymen. The Sandy Hook steamer Monmouth ran close to the Olympia, with Captain Martin's eyes bulging out as he exclaimed: "It's the Olympia sure enough." The Monmouth ran so close to the flagship that the Admiral could be heard to say to her cheering passengers, "Thank you." He was dressed in blue, a neat service blouse with the broad sleeve stripes of the Admiral's rank. His cap was fatigue, with its wreath of golden oak leaves on the visor. He looked the picture of good health, although his hair and mustache are pure white. Repeatedly he bowed to the people on the Monmouth, while the whistles din and the flagships' band played, "Oh, Ain't I Glad to Get Out of the Wilderness."

"Boom, bang, boom!" rang out the guns at Fort Hancock. The men on duty there knew the Admiral was coming in. Seventeen times guns rang out over land and sea, giving the Admiral's salute. The Olympia slightly veered in her course and then her rapid-firing guns—the deadly guns of Manila bay—answered back. The Olympia kept on her course toward the southwest spit buoy, where it was evident she intended to cast anchor. Tugs, excursion steamers and yachts were following in her wake and all making a frightful noise. The Admiral remained on the bridge, often raising his hat to the salutes, sometimes talking with Lamberton, sometimes laughing. The yacht Teresa ran close to the Olympia and ran up in flags the signal, "F. D. C. S." This means "Welcome." The Olympia answered "R. S. J."—"Thanks."

Sir Thomas Lipton was on the Teresa, with John Butler, C. Siedenbergh and George Grogan. Near the buoy for which the Olympia was heading lay the Shamrock. Sir Thomas' party claimed to be the first to see the Olympia, but there are fifty others to make the same claim, and it does not matter much to whom the honor belongs. Dewey is home.

When Fort Hancock fired her first gun as the Olympia swept past Dewey was noticed to start by those who were closely watching him from other ves-

sels. It was singular, but true, that never before had such a salute been fired from those guns behind the sand dunes for a naval officer. Dewey seemed to realize that it was a special compliment and quickly gave an order. One of the junior officers ran to obey it. The men were piped to quarters and the Olympia slowed down. Her crew—all but those at the guns—ranged themselves along the rail. Then the Olympia's guns spoke, and after that her jacks cheered, Dewey waved his hat and the soldiers on land yelled like madmen.

The Olympia came to anchor at the southwest spit buoy, about a mile and a half from the Government pier at Sandy Hook, four miles northeast of the Atlantic Highlands and eighteen miles from the Battery. She had scarcely anchored when her crew, with tremendous vigor, began to clean decks and polish brasswork. Just as



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N.

the Olympia slipped her anchor the rain ceased and the clouds broke. Away in the northwest radiantly appeared a rainbow. "Dewey's good luck," some one shouted. "Yes," said another, "Dewey's rainbow."

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—Tonight a long line of warships, spick and span, their white sides plainly discernible as thousands of lights are reflected from shore and bay, swing idly at anchor off Tompkinsville anchorage. The comprise the ships of the North Atlantic squadron, with the famed Olympia and the famous Dewey at their head. Tomorrow they will lead the grandest parade of craft in the history of New York harbor, and by 5 o'clock tomorrow evening will have been reviewed and cheered by 7,000,000 visitors and natives who are now thronging the streets until they are impassable and crowding hotels and private houses. On the eve of the first great event of the program of New York's reception to the Admiral there is but one thing which causes uneasiness, and that is the weather. According to official forecasts, showers and high winds will prevail tomorrow, and although this unwelcome prophecy disheartens a few many point to the fact that, in numerous instances, Weather Bureau prognostications have been directly contrary to actual conditions, and these hope for a cooler, bracing atmosphere and a cloudless sky.

Great preparations were making today in the fleet, getting the warships in readiness for the parade. Sailors swung out over the sides of their vessels on platforms, were swabbing down the ships until they were as bright and new-looking as it was possible to make them. Electricians were at work on all the ships putting up lights for tomorrow night's illumination, when the fleet will lie off Grant's tomb and witness the fireworks. The name of each vessel in the fleet will be spelled out in large electric letters in some prominent place above the upper deck, and there will be a dazzling play of blinding searchlights all over Harlem and vicinity.

The city and environs display millions of yards of bunting and wear their neatest holiday dress; thousands of lights have been strung through streets and in buildings; triumphal arches have been erected and there is to be a magnificent street parade, but it is upon the naval display of tomorrow night that anticipation centers. It will show Dewey in his element. It will show him on the fleet cruiser Olympia, upon which he led the way into Manila bay, and however gorgeous the night carnivals and elaborate and impressive land demo, strappings the naval show is the most attractive feature of the fest in honor of Dewey and his fighters.

It will be the largest thing of the kind ever attempted here, and if a painstaking planning counts, will be a tremendous success. Hundreds of vessels, ranging in size from the giant

THE CLASH COMING

It Seems as if Britons and Boers Must Surely Fight.

WAR PREPARATIONS HURRIED

Everything Points to War as the Inevitable Outcome of Present Negotiations—Press Comment.

LONDON, Sept. 28.—A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Charlestown says: Commanding is proceeding in the Wakkerstrom district and probably throughout the Transvaal. Two thousand burghers are assembled at Wakkerstrom, which is eight miles from the Natal border and eleven from Laings Nek. Twelve hundred have been ordered to Sandepail, thirteen miles west of the Natal border, where they will meet the Orange Free State Artillery, which has been lying low in this neighborhood for a fortnight. The Pretoria correspondent of the Daily Telegraph says: The Transvaal executives are absorbed in war preparations. Many Boers oppose aggressive action on religious grounds. There have been local thunderstorms and rains at Johannesburg and in various parts of the Orange Free State.

The Daily News, which appeals to the Government to await President Kruger's reply before sending a second dispatch, says: "If, as has been asserted on behalf of the Transvaal, all trouble would have been avoided had Mr. Chamberlain's dispatch last Friday, said 'convention' instead of 'conventions,' we do not believe a British Cabinet would decline to clear the matter up. It is for President Kruger to speak, if it is, indeed, only a matter of a moment, for we are convinced that it is in his power to get the consonant cut out."

The Daily Chronicle says: We understand, on the best authority, that the delay attending the Boer reply is due to hopes still entertained by the Transvaal of a peaceful settlement. The Boers distrust Mr. Chamberlain. They fear that if they were to make concessions he will only increase his demands. Therefore, they have been trying to approach Lord Salisbury directly. They trust the Premier as much as they distrust the Colonial Secretary, and if Lord Salisbury would give a pledge that the golden bridge was meant seriously they would venture upon it. We regret to say that this last effort has been broken down, since Lord Salisbury cannot go behind Mr. Chamberlain without creating a Cabinet crisis.

It is deplorable, nevertheless, that State etiquette should be strong enough to obstruct the path of peace. We hope it is not true that Mr. Chamberlain intends to demand disarmament, a heavy indemnity and the withdrawal of Dr. Leyds, which could only result in war.

The paper suggests that the Orange Free State should appeal for arbitration under the arrangements concluded at The Hague.

LONDON, Sept. 28.—The decision of the Volksraad of the Orange Free State to join with the Transvaal in the event of hostilities, although fully expected, is the leading news today and will naturally stiffen the Boers' independent attitude. The Rand's resolution has made the brotherhood of arms between the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, of which hitherto there was only a strong probability, an absolute certainty, and the British will have to face the situation. The Volksraad's resolution was as follows: "The Rand having read paragraph 2 of the President's speech, and the official documents and correspondence submitted therewith; having regard for the strained state of affairs throughout the whole of South Africa, which has arisen in consequence of the difference between the Imperial Government and the Government of the Transvaal, which threatens to lead to hostilities, the calamitous consequences of which to the white inhabitants will be immeasurable; being connected with the Transvaal by the closest ties of blood and confederacy, and standing in the most friendly relationship with the Imperial Government, and fearing that should war break out a hatred between the European races will be born which will arrest and re-